

The Continuumist and
the ECU present

Our Voices,

Our Story



OUR VOICES, OUR STORY



10 YEARS, 10,000 STORIES

IT'S THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF X UNIVERSITY'S
B.A. ENGLISH PROGRAM, AND THE NEW 20'S.
WHAT'S YOUR STORY?



OUR VOICES, OUR STORY

10 YEARS, 10,000 STORIES

It's the new '20s. What's your history, and your future? We want to hear from you!



What a milestone! X University's Department of English is celebrating 10 years of its Honours BA in 2021. As the community gears up for a myriad of festivities to be held in the upcoming months, we can't help but reflect on time, memory, identity, and of course, storytelling. Over the course of ten years, this program has come to signify different things to thousands of students, faculty, staff, and city citizens. No story is the same as the next. As we enter this anniversary year, we ponder the questions: What is our history? What are the stories that have not yet been told, or excluded entirely? Who are the voices of today, and what do they have to say? What lies in our future ahead? Individuals, groups, classes, clubs, an entire community of artists, writers, and dreamers program-wide and beyond...who are we? And who could we become? We leave it to our readers to answer these questions for themselves...

"The truth about stories is that that's all we are."

**Thomas King,
*The Truth About Stories***

ATTENTION ALL ARTISTS,
WRITERS, AND DREAMERS!
YOUR MISSION:
USE ANYTHING AND
EVERYTHING IN THIS ZINE
AS A GUIDE
TO INSPIRE,
TO MOTIVATE,
AND TO AWAKEN.

**"There is no greater agony
than bearing an untold
story inside you."**

Maya Angelou



**"We must rewrite our
story from one of fear to
one of celebration."**

Kameron Hurley, *Rapture*



**"We are important and
our lives are important,
magnificent really, and
their details are worthy to
be recorded. This is how
writers must think, this is
how we must sit down
with pen in hand. We were
here; we are human
beings; this is how we
lived. Let it be known, the
earth passed before us."**

**Natalie Goldberg,
*Writing Down the Bones:
Freeing the Writer Within***

LOST DRAGON



NAME: Unknown to humans
WINGSPAN: approx. 6 inches
COLOUR: varies with temp.
LAST SEEN: sunbathing in the
greenhouse at Allan Gardens
IF FOUND: contact Toronto's
Mythical Creatures Division

THOUGHTS ON THE POWER OF STORYTELLING

But what, after all, is story? Is it the power to turn back time? To right the wrongs of history, whether they were made by ourselves or by the generations that came before? Is it the act of witnessing, of telling the truth even when no one else is willing to see it at first? Is it the power to insert a little oddity, a little whimsy, perhaps - dare we say - a little magic, into the realities we now occupy? Is it fiction, nonfiction, poetry, art, photography, film, music? We would like to propose that storytelling is any of these things, and all of these things. It resists categorization, rigidity, lifelessness. It is constantly changing, shifting, crossing the borders of whatever we think it may be. It could be none of these things at all if that's how you choose to see it. What matters is that story-telling, dear reader, is whatever YOU make of it. The power is in your hands. Don't just take our word for it - go find out for yourself. Even better - make it, write it, capture it, create it. Tell it to the world. What have you got to lose?



HOW ARE YOU
GOING TO MAKE
THIS THE NEW
'20S - FOR YOU?

**WRITE IN YOUR HISTORY.
RE-IMAGINE YOUR FUTURE.
TELL YOUR STORY.**

WHO ARE YOU?

ning Around Town
lot of things
th celebrating
ity! For one,
of Toronto is
ully opening the
doors of its newest and
richest collection of
stories: the Toronto
Heritage Library and
Special Archives! This
gorgeous new
institution is a
project seven years in
the making, involving
the city's most
talented and passionate

“Rebels revel in rewriting
reality's restrictions.”
Ryan Lilly

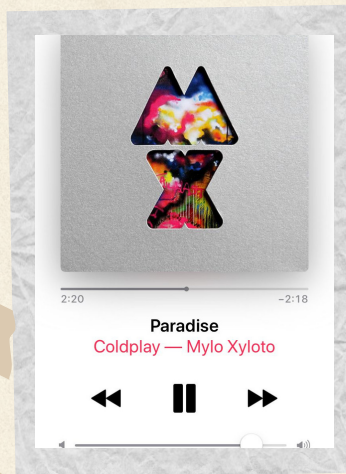
architects,
er

THERE A HIDDEN HISTORY THAT YOU
THINK NEEDS TO BE TOLD?

important
the stories
asured within. The
elaborate space is
filled with the
contributions of
authors from all the
diverse communities
that make up our city.
It's an opportunity for
the citizens of Toronto
to transcribe their own
stories and those of

OUR VOICES, OUR STORY

CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF MUSIC



TECH REPAIRS
THE BEST REPAIR
SHOP IN THE GTA.
Smartphones, tablets,
computers, home systems
not cooperating?
Our AI units can detect
problems and solve them
almost instantly - just by
talking to your device!
Call 1-800-FIX-BOTS to
book a free consultation
today!

their families -
imagined or real.
Do you have a family
history to tell,
whether imagined or
real? Tell your story!

“It's like this with this city
—you can stand on a
simple corner and get
taken away in all
directions. [...] No matter
who you are, no matter
how certain you are of it,
you can't help but feel the
thrill of being someone
else.” Dionne Brand,
What We All Long For

CRIME ALERT

Morning commuters have
reported the alarming
activities of a
mysterious pickpocket
who has been snatching
people's daydreams
right out of their
heads. TTC-goers are
cautioned to beware.

Are any of your
daydreams lost,
missing, and/or stolen?
Describe them in
detail, in the event
that this mysterious
pickpocket is finally
apprehended and
commuters' daydreams
can finally be returned
to their owners.

STRANGE EVENTS

A mysterious secret
society is scattering
leaflets of poetry and
photography around the
city, folded into
paper birds that
witnesses swear can
move and fly on their
own. If you pick up
one of these birds
during your daily
walk, please report on
the art hidden inside.

NOW HIRING

MARGARET'S APOTHECARY
Now seeking part-time
employees to assist with
the maintenance and sale
of specialty spells and
concoctions. Must be
punctual, orderly, and
adept at keeping secrets.

An illustration of various apothecary items including a mortar and pestle, a glass bottle, and a small jar.

“Through my language I
understand I am being
spoken to, I'm not the one
speaking. The words are
coming from many
tongues and mouths of
Okanagan people and the
land around them. I am a
listener to the language's
stories, and when my
words form I am merely
retelling the same stories
in different patterns.”
Jeannette Armstrong,
*Speaking for the
Generations*

“It takes one person to
rewrite the history book.”

J.R. Rim

When I was a child I
used to dream a lot. As
an adult, I have been
dedicating time to
remembering as much as
I can from that time
and using my dreams as
plots for my stories. I
once dreamt that I was
in a leaky boat in the
middle of a sparkling
turquoise ocean trying
to row to shore... but
my hands were too big!
Another time, I was
playing with my dog
Rover but he began
growing--up, up, up! He
was the size of a
mountain and I was
fearful but I knew deep
down he would always be
my pal Rover...
Although, I could not
fit him in the dog
house from that moment
on. - D.R. L.



WHAT DOES STORYTELLING MEAN
TO YOU?

THINGS TO DO

Please turn to page 24
for detailed
instructions on how to
access the city's
hidden bookstores, each
connected to a vast
underground network of
tunnels that people
whisper are lined with
all manner of books,

“Tell the story that's been
growing in your heart, the
characters you can't keep
out of your head, the tale
that speaks to you,
that pops into your head
during your daily
commute, that wakes you
up in the morning.”

Jennifer Weiner

from ancient and
renowned to unpublished
and undiscovered.
Once you've accessed
this hidden network of
stories, don't forget
to recount what untold
histories and legends
you find...

WHAT IF HISTORY HAD
BEEN DIFFERENT?
WHAT COULD THE
FIRST YEAR OF THE
ENGLISH PROGRAM
HAVE LOOKED LIKE?

⌘ Note from the editors

Hello everyone! Thank you for reading our very special “Our Voices, Our Story” Zine, made in partnership with the ECU in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the English program at X University.

We can’t help but reflect on time, memory, identity, and of course, storytelling. Over the course of ten years, this program has come to signify different things to thousands of students, faculty, and staff. So as we enter this anniversary year, we ponder the questions: What is our history? What are the stories that have not yet been told? Who are the voices of today, and what do they have to say? What lies in our future ahead? Individuals, groups, classes, clubs, an entire community of artists, writers, and dreamers program-wide and beyond who are we? And who could we become? We left it to the fantastic community of writers at X University to answer these questions, and they responded spectacularly.

What an excellent way to start the year, a celebration of creativity and storytelling that taught us new lessons and shared a new perspective. The passion we witnessed and continue to observe inspires us in our work, and we hope that this zine can provide you, our readers, with the same experience. Immerse yourselves in the pieces you are about to witness, and if inspiration strikes, do not be afraid to see where it leads, explore the new paths presented to you. Anniversaries, while a time to acknowledge the past, also welcome the future. So here’s to many more years of creativity!

Before we send you on your way, we would like to thank our entire team of dedicated and talented creators, graphic designers, and social media team members at The Continuist for all their contributions to this project. In addition, we thank all the artists from the X University student community who sent in their work, who blew us away with their vulnerability, honesty, and sheer talent. Last but not least, we want to express our extreme gratitude to all the lovely folks at the English Course Union for partnering with us on this project. Happy tenth anniversary to the X University English program!

Tanvi and Catherine
Co-Editors in Chief
The Continuist
Fall 2021

⌘ Note from

The English Course Union

The B.A. English Department has always been one that prided itself on showcasing diverse voices. So when we at the English Course Union and Continuist teams heard that the 2021/2022 academic year would be the 10th anniversary of the program, we knew the perfect theme for this zine. Much like our program innovates the English curriculum by introducing contemporary literature by BIPOC and LGBTQ+ authors, we wanted to be innovative and create a zine dedicated to unveiling stories previously left unheard. “Our Voices, Our Story” is a publication for diversity to be celebrated and stories to be enjoyed. No one’s story is silenced.

Content Warning

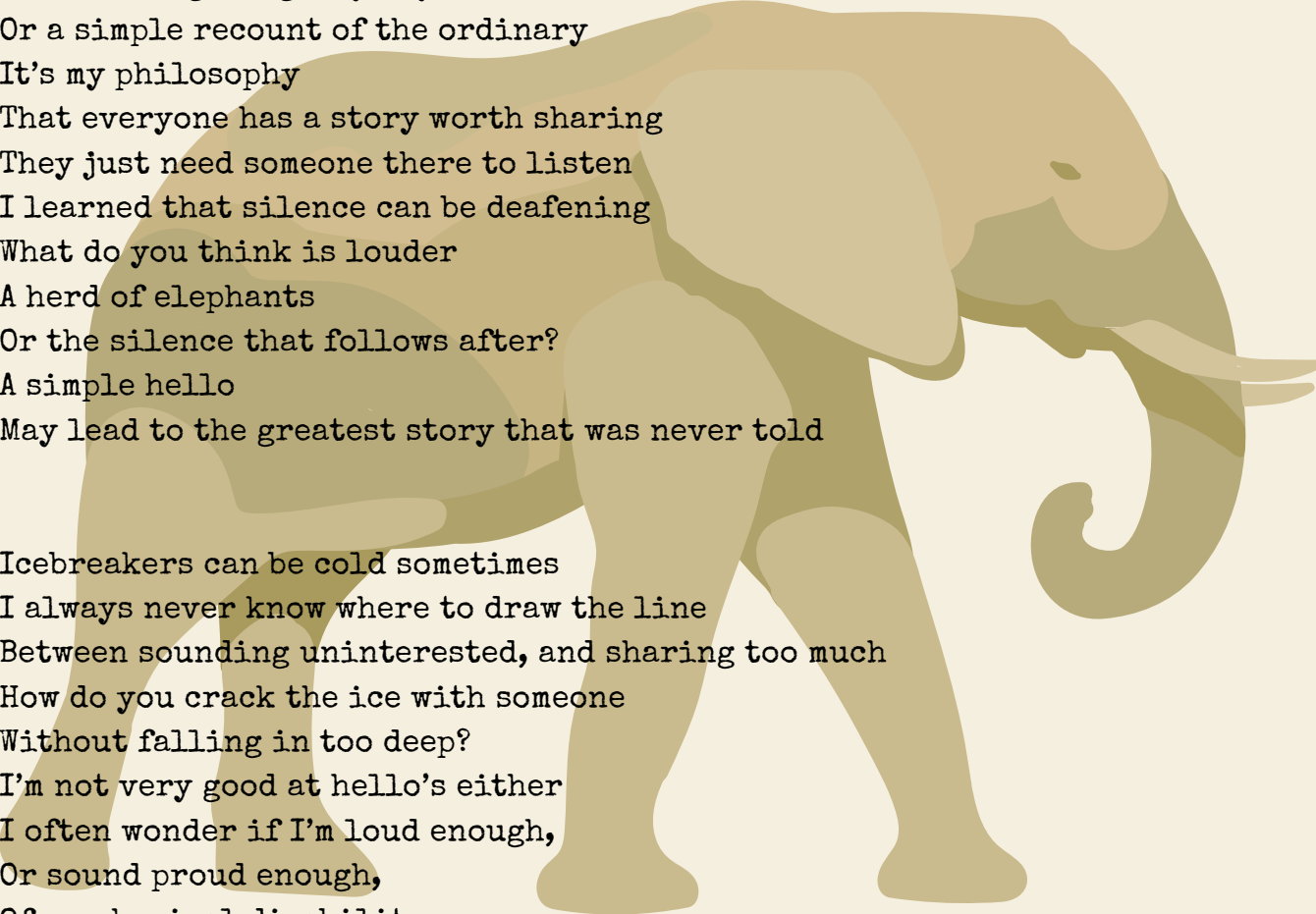
The following pages contain descriptions or mentions of subject matter that may be triggering for some readers.

We always want to ensure that your well-being and mental health are prioritized before anything else. Please proceed at your own discretion.



An Elephant's Greeting


LAVARNAN MEHAVARNAN



I like listening to stories
Reminiscing the glory days
Or a simple recount of the ordinary
It's my philosophy
That everyone has a story worth sharing
They just need someone there to listen
I learned that silence can be deafening
What do you think is louder
A herd of elephants
Or the silence that follows after?
A simple hello
May lead to the greatest story that was never told

Icebreakers can be cold sometimes
I always never know where to draw the line
Between sounding uninterested, and sharing too much
How do you crack the ice with someone
Without falling in too deep?
I'm not very good at hello's either
I often wonder if I'm loud enough,
Or sound proud enough,
Of my physical disability
A fateful meeting
Leads to a quick greeting and
Before we even get to know each other
You expect some sugar-coated hero's story
About how I got here
Forgive me for over sharing
A biography others wrote for me
That I'm expected to bring to every party
But I was born this way.

I've been told I can be a warm-hearted person
Not to brag, just thought you should know
I care about others
And have some odd dreams
Like making a difference in the world
And to one day be a dad
Not now, of course.
But if dreams are like signal flares
Then forest fires are the nightmares
Confronted with the scorching truth



That I will never fall in love
Because she will only ever see my legs
Before my heart
And it tears me apart
To realize that I can't support her
Burnt out on the expectation
That crippled boys aren't meant to be firefighters
Or lovers, for that matter

I like to use Discord
Honestly more than I should
It's a way to socialize
Without the social ties
To these stereotypes
I've fallen in platonic love with
Incredible online friends
That could last a lifetime
But every time I log off
It's a reminder
That reality is, a little different
Knocking the wind out of me
Digital extrovert turned quiet introvert
As I walk into the room
When class begins
Gasping for air
Feeling the hovering fear
Of my elephant hooves stomping on thin ice
Hoping someone will reach out their hand
If I fall in
Even if it's just to share their story.

My Inner Critic

L'AVARNAN MEHAVARNAN

I know it sounds crazy
But I have a pet dragon
You read that right,
I said dragon.

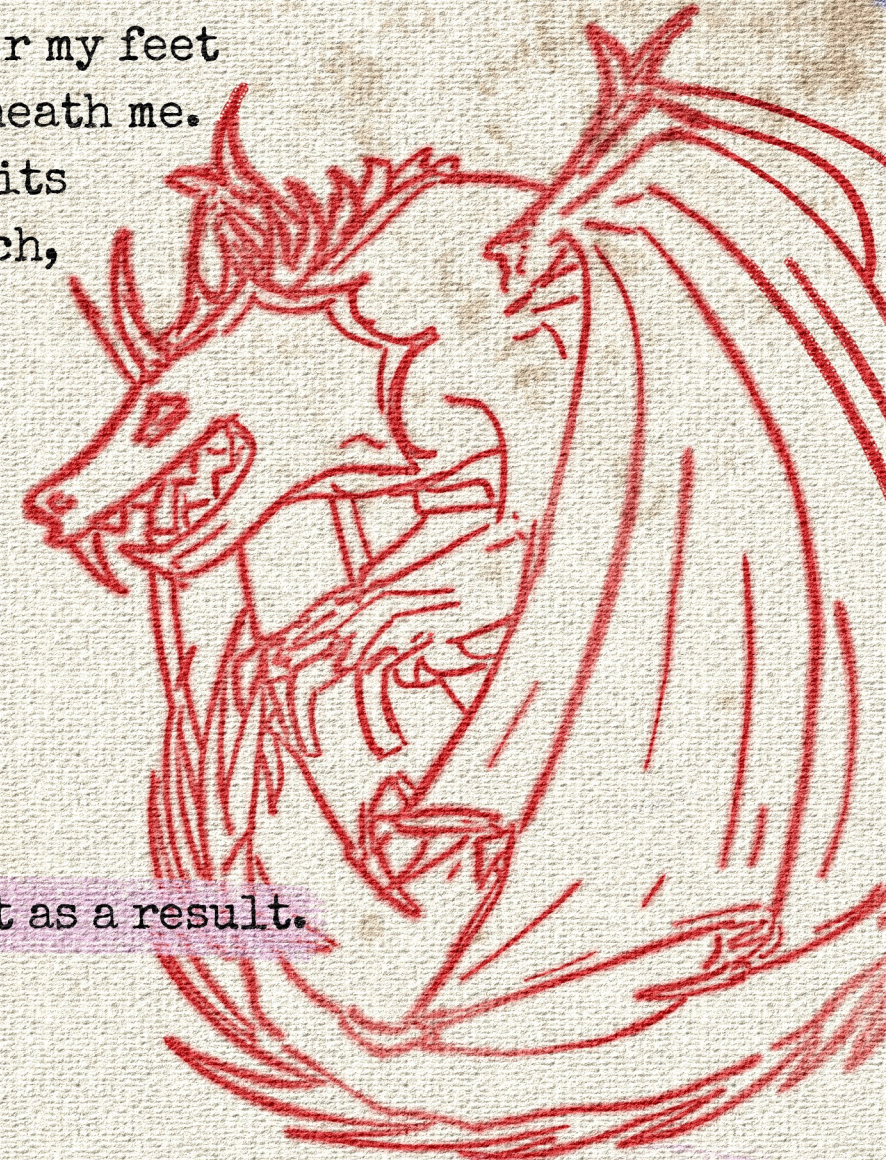
A flying,
Fire-breathing,
Fearsome beast.
He's a burden
That loves to rest
On my shoulders.
You can't see him,
But with every roar
He becomes bolder.

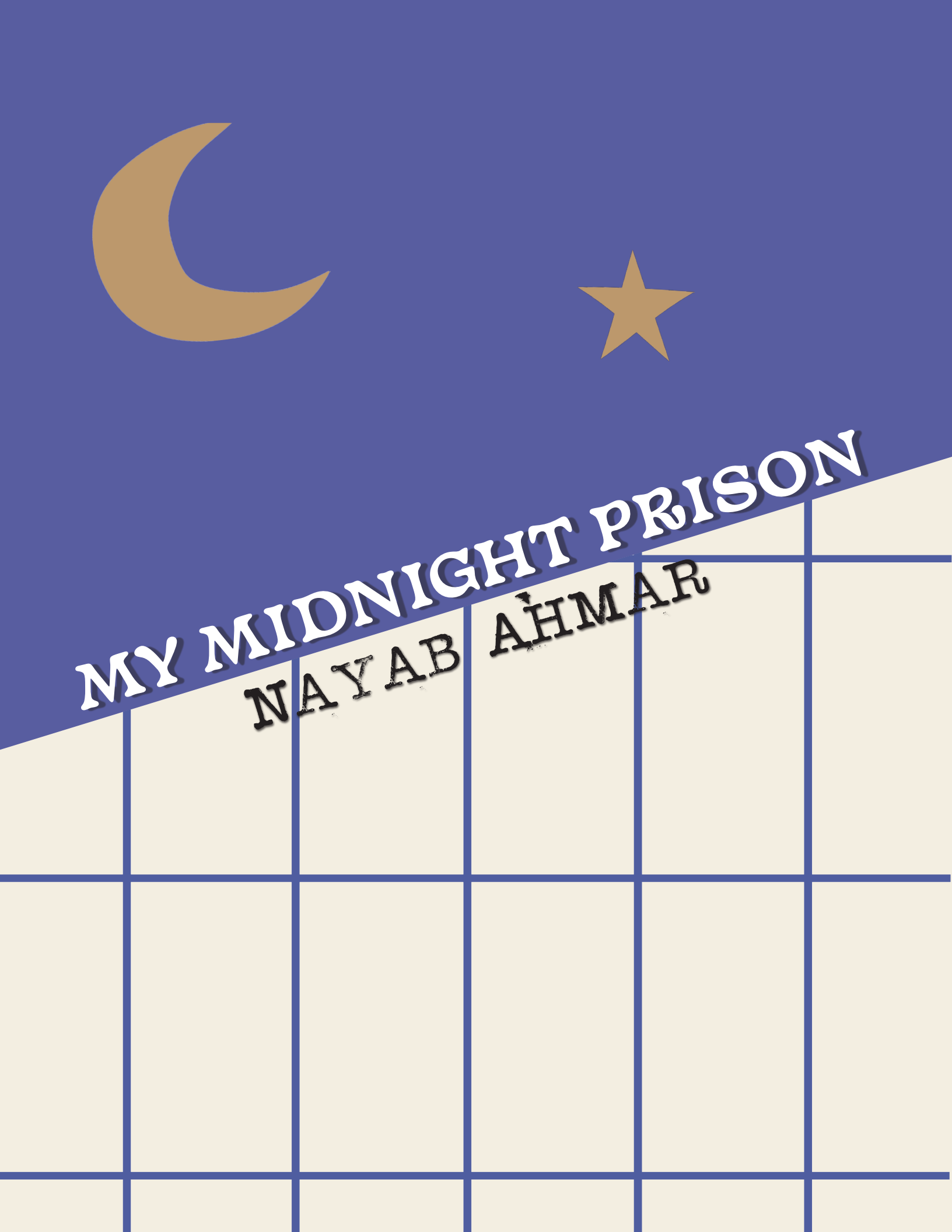
I don't know his name,
Or where he came from.
But he can be mischievous.
He's built a den in my mind,
Without realizing over time.
Put together with abandoned
Trains of positive thoughts
And ashes of self-esteem.
He likes to play hide and seek
With my emotions.
Only bringing my fears
To show and tell.
When the road ahead
Isn't clear,
He blows puffs of smoke
To trip me up.

Or he'll pick me up,
Digging his sharp claws
Into my shoulder blades.
Lifting me above the clouds
As I desperately wish for my feet
To touch the ground beneath me.
He reminds me of my limits
That are just out of reach,
When I lose my footing
For a brief moment.

Some days
His warmth
Is my only comfort.
If only he knew
How to control himself,
Maybe then,
I would not be burnt out as a result.

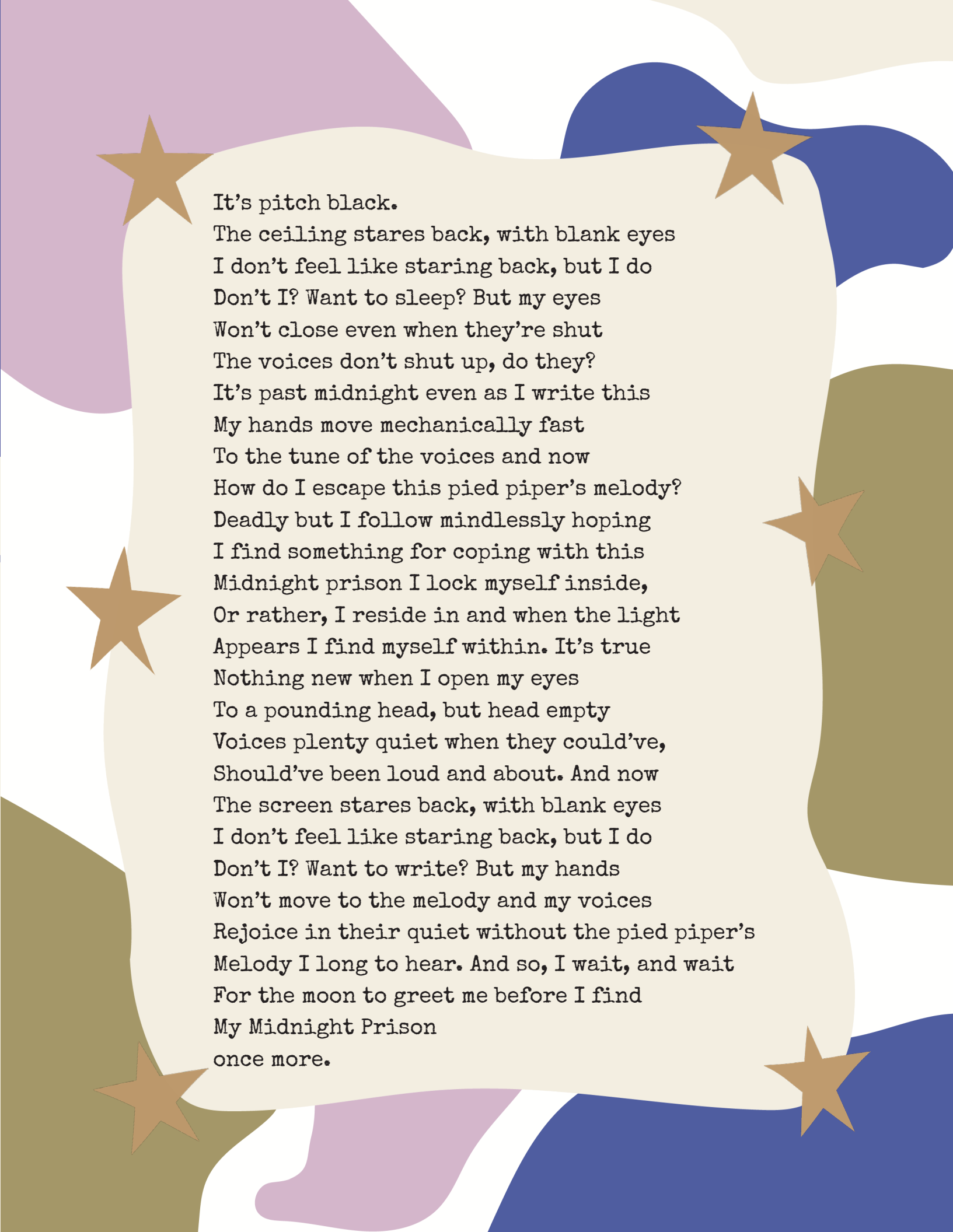
The silver lining in his scales
Is a reminder to myself.
That my mind is my dragon's domain.
His fire may stifle my imagination.
But at least I know that I'm alive.





MY MIDNIGHT PRISON

NAYAB AHMAR



It's pitch black.
The ceiling stares back, with blank eyes
I don't feel like staring back, but I do
Don't I? Want to sleep? But my eyes
Won't close even when they're shut
The voices don't shut up, do they?
It's past midnight even as I write this
My hands move mechanically fast
To the tune of the voices and now
How do I escape this pied piper's melody?
Deadly but I follow mindlessly hoping
I find something for coping with this
Midnight prison I lock myself inside,
Or rather, I reside in and when the light
Appears I find myself within. It's true
Nothing new when I open my eyes
To a pounding head, but head empty
Voices plenty quiet when they could've,
Should've been loud and about. And now
The screen stares back, with blank eyes
I don't feel like staring back, but I do
Don't I? Want to write? But my hands
Won't move to the melody and my voices
Rejoice in their quiet without the pied piper's
Melody I long to hear. And so, I wait, and wait
For the moon to greet me before I find
My Midnight Prison
once more.

Johannah Alilio

My Story

verse 1

I'm sorry for pushing you away

I got a lot to say

But don't know how to explain it to you

I'm scared out of my mind

Want things to be alright

Not just fine

Please listen

chorus

Listen
while I
talk

Please don't walk away

For once in my life I want someone to stay

I'm breaking down my walls

Showing you the real me

No one has ever seen or heard my story

Heard my story

verse 2

Understand why
I am the way
am ...

Reach out and hold my hand

So I can tell you the truth

I want to let all this go

I thought you should know

Why

Please listen



My Story

I'm in this world filled with all my insecurities

How can I love myself if everyone I love leaves?

bridge

Helping others, before myself

Slowly deteriorating my mental health

Years and years of sadness and crying

I was way too young to ever think about dying

Left with all the hurt and baggage

Pain I never imagined

I'm trying to pick myself up off my feet

By letting you in and sharing my story

It may not be perfect or pretty

But it's the story that makes me, me



Listen while I talk

Please don't walk away

For once in my life I want someone to stay

I'm breaking down my wall

Showing you the real me

No one has ever seen or heard my story

Heard my story

oooo

It may not be perfect or pretty
But it's my story that makes me

oooo

chorus

INES IN THE SAND: A TRIPTYCH OF RESISTANCE

BY CYRUS SUNDAR SINGH

*CW: VIOLENCE,
DEATH
&
GENOCIDE

It was most auspicious that *Our Voices, Our Story* performance celebrating the 10th anniversary of the English Program at X University took place on October 2, 2021. In fact, that particular date and the early autumn timing of the event helped me to connect the following three poems through spoken word and song: *Khadi*, *Survival*, and *Eight Holes Past the Barricade*. All three pieces are defined by their reflections on the defiance of enslavement, subjugation, and colonialism through resistance as a communal act of civil disobedience which drew literal and ideological lines in the sand.

The phrase 'to draw a line in the sand' is often used to describe a point of no return, or a line when crossed will result in an unretractable consequence. Ideologically, when "you draw a line in the sand, you establish a limit beyond which things will be unacceptable." However, it also must be noted that practically, a line in the sand will be erased and washed away by the rains, winds, and tides thereby rendering the line ephemeral. I came to know this phrase in the context of warring nations, each awaiting the other to cross the 'line in the sand' as justification for the inevitable carnage. The three poems in this container are connected by their stories of resistance and their lines in the sand.

Khadi

"Khadi means handspun and handwoven cloth. In 1918 Mahatma Gandhi started his movement for Khadi as a relief programme for the poor masses living in India's villages. ... Gandhi saw it as the end of dependency on foreign materials (symbolizing foreign rule) and thus giving a first lesson of real independence." By the way, Mahatma Gandhi was born on October 2, back in 1869. I invoke his birth date and Khadi to tell the story of Gandhi's Salt March 91 years ago in colonial India. It was an act of civil-disobedience through the practice of non-violence or satyagraha. Gandhi and his 78 followers marched 370 kms from Ahmedabad, Gujarat to Dandi, Gujarat on the Arabian Sea to protest the British salt monopoly. 24 days later, Gandhi arrived in Dandi, stepped into the ocean, picked up a handful of sea water and made salt by evaporation. British colonial law made it illegal for Indians to make salt. Gandhi intentionally broke the law and drew a line in the sand. *Khadi* begins in that moment and flows through the carnage of Partition and Independence in 1947

"An event that triggered one of bloodiest upheavals in human history... Estimates of the number of people killed in those months range between 200,000 and 2 million."

On this side of the ocean, greatly influenced by Gandhi's movement of non-violence, civil-disobedience and the Salt March, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., led the Selma March in 1965. As many as 25,000 people participated in the roughly 50-mile (80-km) march from Selma, Alabama to Montgomery, Alabama. In doing so, Dr. King drew his line in the sand, which was pivotal in the "American civil rights movement and directly led to the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965."

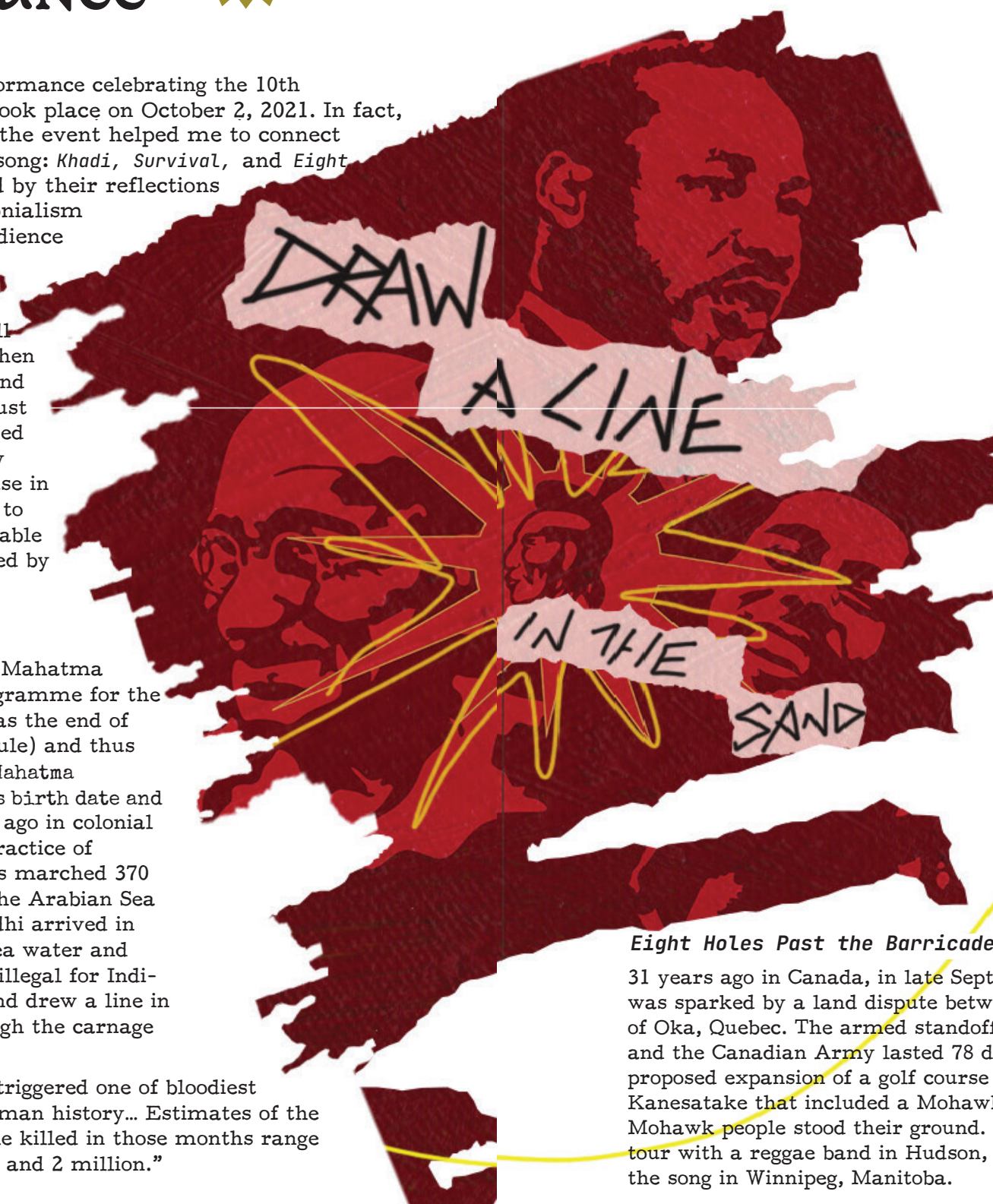
In between these two markers are the actions of two brave women whose acts of resistance were also foundational in the Civil Rights Movement: Viola Desmond, who drew her line in the sand on the evening of November 8, 1946 at the Roseland Theatre in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and Rosa Parks, who drew her line in the sand on the bus in Montgomery, Alabama on December 1, 1955.

Survival

Survival is also the title of a successful concept album by Bob Marley and the Wailers from Kingston, Jamaica. It was released 41-years ago on October 2, 1979. *Survival* remains the most political and militant of Bob Marley's albums. From the assertive title to its thematic tracks, the album is like a documentary time machine—a container cradling the past, the present and the future. Using this container, Marley presented his stories in a way never seen or heard in the reggae genre. On the album cover, Marley's storytelling is intentional. He tells the story of black survival - of slavery, and how its legacy continues in the present. The deliberate use of the iconic slave-ship diagram in black and white along with the colourful African flags set the tone. Neville Garrick, Marley's art director and collaborator, remembers that the "album was going to be called *Black Survival*, but in discussing it, we felt that it might alienate some people who weren't Black. So I tried to come up with a visual way of saying Black without using the word." *Survival* was an inspirational album throughout my musical, creative, and academic journeys.

Eight Holes Past the Barricade:

31 years ago in Canada, in late September of 1990, the Oka Crisis came to an end. The crisis was sparked by a land dispute between a group of Mohawk people in Kanesatake and the town of Oka, Quebec. The armed standoff between Mohawk protesters, Quebec police, the RCMP and the Canadian Army lasted 78 days with two fatalities. The crisis was sparked by the proposed expansion of a golf course and the development of townhouses on disputed land in Kanesatake that included a Mohawk burial ground. A line was drawn in the sand and the Mohawk people stood their ground. I began writing this lyric as a poem during a cross-Canada tour with a reggae band in Hudson, Quebec across the river from Oka, Quebec and completed the song in Winnipeg, Manitoba.



Khadi

BY CYRUS SUNDAR SINGH

Under threatening skies
In defiance raised
A fistful of salt
Brings down Goliath

Hope first heals
Then bites hard
Into flesh ripped open
Consumed by hatred

Blind is the faith
Under gods' scrutiny
Loyalty beyond death
Beyond all comprehension

Karma it seems - ever vigilant
Lurks within our shadows
Ready to plunge deep
Destiny's arrow

Ploughshares beaten into
Bayonets beaten into
Warheads beaten into angels
Dancing on atomic pinheads

Break the chains
Weaken the links
The purple dawn of freedom
Stretches her wings

Under threatening skies
Bharathi awakens
Pregnant with her children
Of independence

Survival

BY CYRUS SUNDAR SINGH

That time we spoke
About the songs we shared
Our lives ahead,
it was our oyster

We were so young
We knew all there is to know
The pains, the scars,
The cars; the stars,

Navigating our circles,
Politics encircled by
Food, culture,
pomegranates and cigarettes

Until there was that time
Listening to *Survival*
There appeared a tear
In the fabric of our youth

Spent listening to the Dreads,
Weepin' and a-Wailin'
Marley, Tosh, Bunny
Burnin' and a-Lootin'

Until then, there was
Only the music,
The hipness of the groove
Which enticed our youth

Before we really listened to the
Words that described the journey...

Across the Oceans
Shackled and sold,
Chattel and Cattle
Bound for the sugar canes,
Cotton fields, and generational pain...

Resistance was the line
In the sand that made me walk this way...

Eight Holes Past the Barricade

MUSIC & LYRICS © CYRUS SUNDAR SINGH (SÓC'À'N)

I reach out and touch your hand
Across the miles of this rugged land
They gave you my name, called you my brother
And while you were smiling, they took away your feather

Eight Holes Past the Barricade
On the sacred ground where your children played
You got up and you stood up
Behind the fence without a chance

You shared your wealth, in hope and friendship
You passed the pipe of peace around
And in a cloud of confusion,
They turned your world upside down

But they came with another plan,
They thought that you would not understand

Eight Holes Past the Barricade...

I prayed for you when the Sun came up
But I guess it still didn't do enough
When you cried out in desperation
They boxed you up into a little reservation

Army-forms behind the lines,
Behind the trees behind the times

Eight Holes Past the Barricade...

Once upon a time your spirit soared
Above the firmament
Now you walk your tears alone
And your scars, they are permanent

In the name of gods, in the name of kings
In the name of that guy that nazarene
They fenced you in, they wore you down
Took away your children to another town...

Eight Holes Past the Barricade...

PROMPT: Strange Events

A mysterious secret society is scattering leaflets of poetry and photography around the city, folded into paper birds that witnesses swear can move and fly on their own. If you pick up one of these birds during your daily walk, please report on the art hidden inside.

Rockdove is a poem examining the modern plight of the common pigeon. Much like the peregrine falcon, which underwent rehabilitation and currently thrives in Toronto, pigeons have established a strong ecological niche within the city – now even considered pests. As humanity's oldest domesticated bird, and having served with military valor during war-time to deliver messages and crucial sensitive data, the little birds have played an important role in history, only to be relegated to grubby menaces in the modern era: mostly noted for being prey.

I've a deep fondness for the birds, and often keep an eye out for special colour morphs that pop up in hotspots like the Eastern Orthodox church on my commute, the Eaton's entrance, and meandering alongside Church's gas station. My partner was particularly struck by the melancholy of their story – and so came about this poem, penned down tenderly in dedication: to the birds of the city we call home, and to my lover-just-within-their-honing-range: a thousand miles away.

– Sophia (Thanh-Thi) Nguyen

*CW: Animal Death

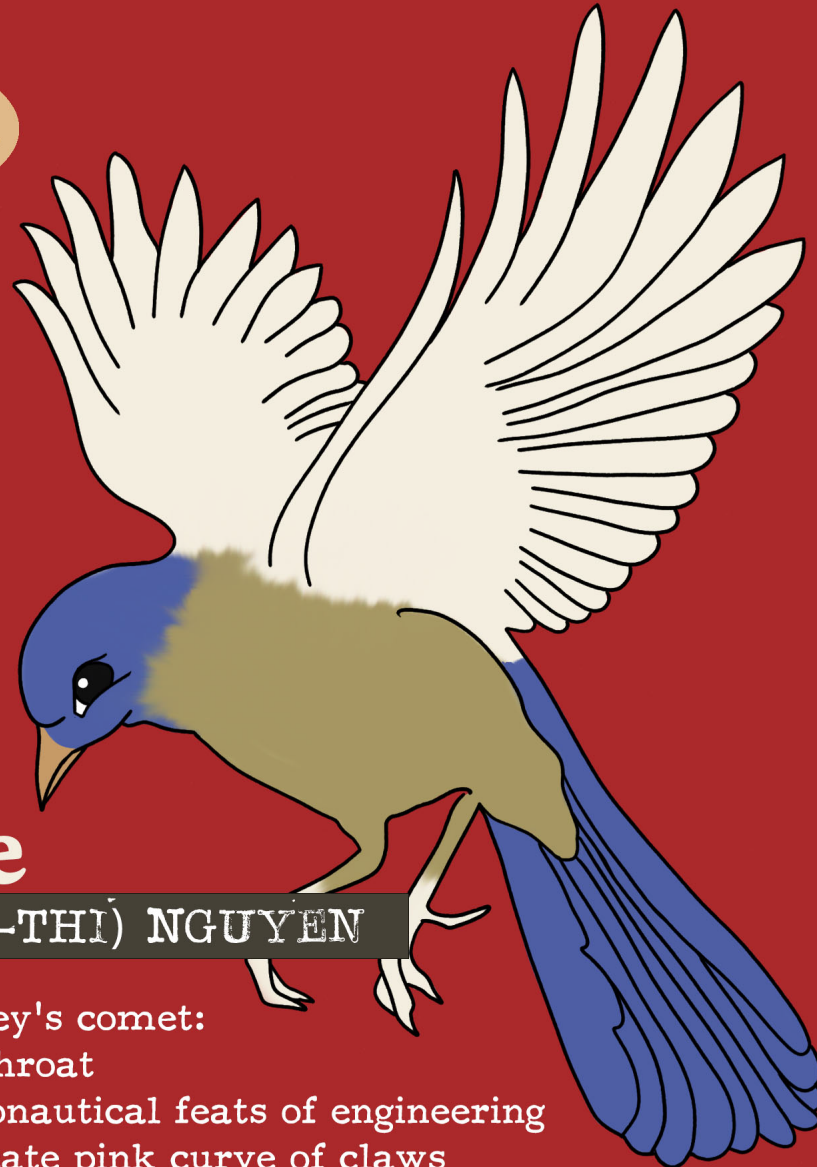
Rockdove

SOPHIA (THANH-THI) NGUYEN

Plummeting like Hailey's comet:
brilliantly iridescent throat
banded wings like aeronautical feats of engineering
perched upon the delicate pink curve of claws
like girlhood: fiercely gentle.

Our oldest domesticated companion in the skies-
once sparkling with medals-of-service
entrusted with carrying sweetheart-messages-
human lives cradled in the soft underlayer of feathers
fluffed against the frigid winter's slicing winds.

Now relegated to the outskirts of the city:
all cold concrete-cement-asphalt,
kicked at and sprawled into festering puddles
shining with an oil slick from the Church gas station-
mirroring the blooming feathers
collected at the hollow of your throat.



Come summer, hot and devastating
in her fierce heat bringing tarmac to a roiling bubble
and limpid shade in short supply-
trees wilting, grass yellowed, people gasping
in its fierce onslaught:

hark!

Here comes the peregrine falcon,
having made skyscrapers in the city skyline its dominion,
turning rehabilitation-into-revelry
whistling through the wispy white clouds
against eye wateringly bright blue skies.
There is the sharp beak, the fierce yellow eye of the sun
brown mottled body, broad wingspan:
talons meant to rip, rend, and ravage.

From the Father's hand scattering arcs of birdseed
to the sharp branch and swift claws- like shrike, like butcherbird:
once beloved, now outcast:
shivering in some approximation of holy-martyrdom
writhing upon the blossomed tree in the hot-heights of summer-
how far you have fallen, little dove.



OUR VOICES, OUR STORY

LET US HEAR YOUR VOICE. WHAT IS YOUR STORY?

Sharing our stories with the world.

Real or imaginary, dystopia or fantasy. Poetry. Stories. Essays. Photography. Art. Your voice deserves to be heard.

We're writing in our history and shaping the future, and we're including everyone.

Want to join us? Here's how!

1. Peruse this zine for inspiration.
2. Write your own story and/or create your own artwork, based on your unique interpretation of the mission of this zine.
3. Send your work to The Continuist by emailing thecontinuist@gmail.com. Your work will be published online for all to witness.



The Continuist is a student-run zine that has served the arts community for ten years. The English Course Union is a student group that aims to amplify English students' voices. Together, we are here to create a space for you to share.



List of Source Citations

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by Cyrus Sundar Singh

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Our Voices



Our Story